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Thimbles have been known for many centuries. Some specimens unearthed by archaeologists are known to be 2,500 years old. They are of bronze, and their outer surfaces show the familiar indentations for engaging the head of the needle. These thimbles are almost exactly like those of our day, except that they have no tops with which to cover the end of the finger.

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Mine Rescuers' Telephone.
A telephone designed for the use of mine rescuers whose heads are covered with helmets while at work is operated by throat vibrations, the transmitter being held at the throat.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Gently Defined.
"Father," said the small boy, "what is a lobbyist?" "A lobbyist, my son, is a man who is so afraid there will be a mistake made in legislation that he is willing to spend large sums of money to prevent it."

Success in Localizing Crop.
The little seedless grapes which furnish the so-called dried "currants" exported from Greece in large quantities and produced nowhere else in the world are a remarkable instance of localizing of an important crop in a small district. The annual yield of these "currants" is over 1,200,000,000 pounds of fresh fruit, or about 160,000 tons when dried.

Eczema spreads rapidly; Itching almost drives you mad. For quick relief, Doan's Ointment is well recommended. 50c at all stores.

Silk.
The first silk was made 2600 B. C. by the wife of a Chinese emperor. Aristotle in 350 first mentions silk among the Greeks. The manufacture of silk was carried on in Sicily in the twelfth century, later spreading to Italy, Spain and the south of France. It was not manufactured in England before 1604.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

She Knew It All Along.
"My dear," said Mr. Bickers to his wife, "I saw in the papers today a decision of a Virginia court that the wife may, in some cases, be the head of

"'BOUT DAS MOON"

Isidore Wanted to Know What
Makes the Moon Come
Up.

By F. H. LANCASTER.

Isidore sat on the front steps smoking twilight cigarettes in thoughtful sequence. The moon was rising and he looked at her as he smoked, but he was not thinking of the moon. He was thinking of Isabelle, the beauty of the school and the head of his class. Before school opened he and Isabelle had been good friends, but since they had come to sit together in the same class every day she had treated him with marked indifference. Why? Because she had found out that she was smarter than he was?

Monsieur's hearty voice broke into the uncomfortable conclusion, saying joyfully:

"Ha, Isidore! What das you tink 'bout so hard?"

"I was tink 'bout das moon," Isidore told him promptly. "What 'tis make her come up, ha?"

Madame spoke up gently: "Volla, 'Daro. Why you don't ask teacher das?"

Isidore paused. Teacher was a young woman with a long nose and glasses that glittered. Truly, not a person to be questioned lightly. And to do it with Isabelle looking on disdaining his ignorance—mais arretez. "Maybe 'tis Isabelle don't know why 'tis moon come up!"

And if Isabelle did not know, and if he could find out, and then spring the knowledge on her—But yes! It would be worth working for. Volla. As the possibilities of the situation became clear to him, Isidore realized that it would be worth waylaying teacher for.

So it chanced that as the teacher was walking home from school next day she saw one of her tall boys coming toward her with a determination in his stride.

"I can ask you somet'ing, if you please, and you won't tell anybody what 'tis I ask you?"

"What is it you wish to ask?" teacher almost stammered.

"What 'tis made das moon come up?"

"Moon! Oh, yes, moon! What is it that makes the moon come up? Oh, yes! I understand. I—I think that I can explain that. Let's see." She cast about for a substitute for a "solar system," and Isidore watched her anxiously. "Suppose teacher didn't know!"

"Wait," she said, "I have it."

She took her watch from her belt and her ring from her finger.

"Now you know, Isidore, the earth is bigger than the moon—"

"Mais oui, I know das," Isidore hastened to assure her.

"Well! Then we will call this watch the earth and this ring the moon—and here is the way the moon goes around the earth. Comes up this way—goes over this way—goes down this way—comes up again. When you are sitting on the earth like my thumb is on the watch here you would see the moon coming up—"

"C'est bon. Just like steer come up hill. First you see his horns, den you see his legs—Mais, why 'tis she don't fall down when she's straight up you der?"

But the teacher knew this also. "She goes too fast to fall," she explained smoothly. "Like when you throw your ball over the school-house."

"Just like das! Mais oui. Now 'tis I know. And, me, I'm glad I know das. Je vous remercie."

He was glad and grateful—and triumphant. It did not seem at all probable that Isabelle possessed such knowledge. Isidore watched the teacher readjust her belongings with respect, and when the ring slipped and fell he stooped with eager gallantry and returned it to her with something warmer than respect. Teacher's nose, he thought, did not look so long, nor her glasses so shiny. And he was ready for Mademoiselle Isabelle. Let her snub him some more tomorrow.

Eh bien, Isabelle did not snub him on the morrow. She did not see him. With her head up and her lashes down she could not see Isidore, even when he stood right in front of her. But everybody else in the school could see him. See him, yes, and smile at his discomfort.

"Mais what 'tis I been do?" Isidore pondered. "No, I ain't been do no'ting unless it is—" and the thought made him jump—"unless 'tis das teacher tell."

Had teacher told? She boarded with Isabelle's mamma. Had she told Isabelle about the moon? Isidore looked sharply at the suspected young woman and he saw that her nose was long—too long to be trusted—and that there was a cold glitter about her glasses that held no promise to a high sense of honor. Teacher had told!

Mais voila! How was he to know? Ask Isabelle! The answer jumped at him from the pages of the spelling book and shook him until his breath came in gulps, but by the time school was dismissed Isidore knew it. Knew, yes, that a man will go farther for vengeance than he would dare to go for love. And his strike was steady and his voice was firm when he overtook Isabelle as she came from the store that

Isabelle lifted her head and her eyes blazed.

"Been tell?" she uttered.

"Yes," he insisted. "What 'tis?"

Isabelle recovered herself with still diadain.

"She ain't been tell me no'ting," she said coldly, and stepped into the grass to pass him.

Isidore was before her.

"Den how 'tis you know?" he demanded doggedly.

Isabelle's anger blazed again.

"Know," she repeated. "Maybe 'tis you tink I can't see! Ha?"

"See?" Isidore questioned. "See?"

Mais what 'tis you see den?"

The beauty looked him over with burning eyes.

"What 'tis I see? Volla, what 'tis I see! I see you yesterday when you give teacher ring."

"Ring!" Isidore repeated blankly.

"Ring!" Then the joy of it came to him and he assumed serenely.

"I give teacher ring yesterday, yes, mais 'twas her ring."

Isabelle's shoulders lifted.

"Yes," she mocked, "I reckon me, 'tis her ring now and—" Something too strong for her broke off Isabelle's polite speech. Isidore's serenity fled from him.

"Non, non!" he cried. "'Twas her ring. She drop it on ground—me, I pick it—I give it to her. Mais oui! She was show me what 'tis make moon come up. And she drop it on ground. Mais oui. 'Twas like dis. I meet teacher come from school and I ask her, me, 'What 'tis make moon come up?' And she show me how 'tis. Volla! Teacher have her watch, but me, I ain't got wptch, I take your hand. And we say like dis. Your hand is earth where we live and dis ring—Isidore drew forth a silver one bought a year ago when his hopes were high—and dis ring will be like de moon. And she go round and round de earth—Comme-ca? Teacher say moon go so fast she can't fall down on earth, mais Dis moon, she don't go so fast like das. Volla, elle la tombe de sur notre doigt."

And the ring was on Isabelle's slim brown finger, shining softly there in the falling light. Isabelle looked at it and Isidore looked at her, and softly through the woods there came reaching to them mystical beams of magic beauty what touched the bent heads with tenderness and lay like a promise of peace on the locked young hands. Isabelle drew a breath.

"Volla," she whispered, "La lune."

Isidore did not look round.

"Yes," he said, "she come up, mais 'tis moon—he kissed the ring shyly—'dis moon, she—stay still."

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Unconscious Contempt.
"The way of the transgressor is hard," said the justice, as he fined Bildad for exceeding the speed limit.

"Not around here it ain't!" retorted Bildad. "I never saw such mushy roads in all my life."

"Ten dollars extra for contempt o' court," said the justice.

"Why, I haven't said anything about you, judge," protested Bildad.

"Yes, ye hev," retorted the justice. "I'm road commissioner here as well as justice o' the peace."—Harper's Weekly.

Why Is It?
"I can't tell you," said the experienced suburbanite, in reply to the question of his new neighbor, "when the next train goes, but I can tell you what your chances of catching it are."

"What are they?" inquired the new neighbor eagerly.

"Well, if you run as hard as you can," said the experienced resident, "you'll have fifteen minutes to wait, and if you merely walk you'll find the train just steaming out of the station."

In Dutch.
She was a woman of few words. One afternoon she went into a music store to buy the book of an opera for her daughter. A salesman walked up to her and in a quiet way the visitor said:

"'Mikado' libretto."

"What's that, ma'am?"

"'Mikado' libretto," repeated the woman.

"Me no speakee Italiano," he replied, shaking his head.

Blarney.
"Phwat name?" snapped the magistrate, as he glared at the prisoner.

"Patrick Casey, sorr."

"Hov ye ever been before me before?"

"No, your honor-r. Ol've seen but wan face that looked like youn, an' that was the picture of an Irish king."

"Discharged!" announced his honor.

"Call the next case!"—Harper's Weekly.

Mr. Skinnem Explains.
"I see, father," said Mrs. Skinnem, who had become vastly interested in automobiles, "that the Wank-Wank car is sold for \$5,000 f. o. b. What does f. o. b. mean?"

"Well, my love," said Mr. Skinnem, "if I bought it, it would be an abbreviation for fine old bust. Why don't you and Mabel go for a trolley ride this afternoon?"—Judge.

May Be a Soda Water Fiend.
Tailor—That customer you sent in a few weeks ago is an electrical crank, isn't he?

Patron—What makes you think that?

Tailor—He seems to want every thing charged.

Between Friends.
"How perfectly sweet your costume

Children Cry for Fletcher's

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